1486. ee. 19.

[Kett Dean. Pullen]

THE

ELEVENTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

Horatius Flaccus [illegible] [Epistolae -
[Parodies. - Engl.]

THE

ELEVENTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE,

IMITATED,

And ADDRESSED to a

YOUNG PHYSICIAN then on his Travels.

By *S. P.* A. M.

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HORAT. EPIS. XI.

LIBER I.

QUID tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi regia
Sardis? ———
Smyrna quid, et Colophon? majora minorane famâ?

Cunctane,

THE

ELEVENTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE,

IMITATED.

PRITHEE, dear *Harry*, be ſincere,
And give, without a trav'lling Air,
Without the Rant of modern Tales,
Your Thoughts of *Paris* and *Verſailles*;
Do *Florence*, *Venice*, *Milan*'s Glory,
Surpaſs the Pomp of common Story?

Or

Cunctane præ campo et Tiberino flumine sordent?

An Lebedum laudas odio maris atque viarum?

Scis, Lebedus quid sit? Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus. Tamen illic vivere vellem,
Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,
Neptunum procul e terrâ spectare furentem.

Sed

Or ſhe that grac'd the ſev'nfold Hill,
Shew Empire in her Ruins ſtill?
Or is their Grandeur but a Name,
O'er-rated in the Books of Fame,
While *London*, with it's crouded Streets,
Where ev'ry Stream of Traffick meets,
Where *Thames* obſequious ſmooths his Tide
Beneath a floating Empire's Pride,
Commanding the terraqueous Ball,
Although at home, excels them all?
While thus inquiſitive I pry,
Perhaps, you ſtretch your Limbs, and cry,
" The toilſome Roads, the dang'rous Seas,
" Are more important Things than theſe;
" You've heard of *Oſtia*'s gloomy Cells,
" Where Solitude with Ruin dwells,
" Where Muſick of the midnight Owl,
" And Deſolation damp the Soul,

" Yet

Sed neque, quì Capuâ Romam petit imbre lutoque
Adſperſus, volet in cauponâ vivere ;

Nec

" Yet may my wand'rings termine here,
" Eſtrang'd from all that once was dear,
" Here, bleſs'd with that ſweet opiate Eaſe,
" Let me behold the diſtant Seas,
" Secure enjoy their ſullen roar,
" But never try their Dangers more.

Well, this is not what I enquir'd:
But if your Mind be cloy'd, and tir'd,
Plain ſimple Truths you may diſlike,
Then let me put a Caſe oblique.

Suppoſe a Perſon trav'lling down
From *London* to ſome Country Town,
Fatigu'd, and wet, as you have been,
He gains at length the friendly Inn;
Here ev'ry Thing conſpires to eaſe him,
His Hoſt, his Wine, his Chambers pleaſe him;

nec, qui
Frigus collegit, furnos et balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatam plene præstantia vitam:

Nec si te validus jactaverit auster in alto,
Idcirco navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.

Yet, though he likes his cheering Fare,
He no more Dreams of ſettling there,
Than one, who catching Cold had found
That bathing made him hail and ſound,
Wou'd thence conclude a Bagnio fill'd
With ev'ry Bliſs that Life can yield.

With us you've made a Trip by Sea
To *Dauky*'s Iſland, or *Lambay*,
Sea-ſick, and wet, you've wiſh'd for Shore,
And vow'd againſt ſuch Pleaſures more,
But ne'er intended, all this while,
To burn your Veſſel in the Iſle,
And live with Rocks, and Winds, and Rain,
Rather than venture back again.

Your Studies have not fail'd to trace
The Valetudinarian's Caſe;

Incolumi Rhodos et Mitylene pulcra facit, quod
Penula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, sextili mense caminus.
Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas.——

Dum licet, et vultum servat fortuna benignum,
Romæ laudetur Samos, et Chios, et Rhodos absens.
Tu, quamcunque deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Gratâ sume manu; nec dulcia differ in annum:

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere——

——Nam

He watches ev'ry Guſt that blows,
With each new Cloud he ſhifts his Cloaths,
Still furniſh'd with ſome puny Reaſon
Why to diſlike the preſent Seaſon;
The Mind is in this very Caſe
That fixes Pleaſure to a Place;
That ſighs, and cries, how dull 'tis here!
Alas for *Bath*, or *Mont-Pelier*!

'Tis ſickly, weak Imagination
That courts coy Time by Aſſignation:
While you have Spirits, Health, and Pow'r,
Claſp and enjoy the preſent Hour,
End ev'ry Voyage, ev'ry Journey,
And boaſt of *Paris* in *Ierne*,

Wide of the Mark our Folly ſtrays,
Uneaſy in the ſearch of Eaſe;

——Nam si ratio et prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter, aufert;
Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
—— Quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

FINIS.

In vain we varniſh ſable Cares
With glitt'ring Barges, Coaches, Chairs;
In vain capricious Fancy runs
To Regions cheer'd with brighter Suns,
While Tempeſts in the Boſom roll,
And cloud the Climate of the Soul.
If calm Content your Search befriend,
You'll find a *Venice* at *Rings-end*.

The END.

30 JUN 58